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# H Y M N S

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SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE LATE  
*Francis William Pitt*  
 DR. GREENWOOD'S COLLECTION

OF

## PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

### CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

ADDED A.D. 1860.

[*John H. Horison*] comp.

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BOSTON:

SWAN, BREWER AND TILESTON.

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## SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS.

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610. S. M.

*Prayer.*

- 1 COME to the morning prayer,  
Come, let us kneel and pray, —  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,  
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages, rest and pray;  
Sweet is the shelter from the heat,  
When the sun smiles by day.
- 3 At evening, shut thy door,  
Round the home altar pray;  
And finding there the house of God,  
At heaven's gate close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,  
O, it is sweet to say,  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With thee to watch and pray!

611. 7 & 6s. M.

*Morning Prayer.*

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thought away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be;  
Then for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing,  
Thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach his throne of glory,  
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.
- 4 O, not a joy nor blessing  
With this can we compare —  
The power that he hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer.

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall,  
Remember, in thy gladness,  
His love who gave thee all.

**612.** 8s. M. 8l. HOGG, ALTERED.

*Praise.*

- 1 LAUDED be thy name forever,  
Thou of life the Guard and Giver!  
Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,  
Blest are they thou kindly keepest;  
God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the rainbow and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
Blessed be thy name forever.
- 2 God of evening's yellow ray;  
God of yonder dawning day,  
That rises from the distant sea,  
Like breathings from eternity,  
Thine the flaming sphere of light,  
Thine the darkness of the night;  
God of life, that fade shall never,  
Glory to thy name forever!

**613.** L. M. KEBLE.

*Morning.*

- 1 **N** every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past; new sins forgiven;  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set, to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 O, could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise!  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
- 5 Seek we no more; content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go —  
The secret this of rest below.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above,  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

## 614. L. M. WATTS.

*God's Glory in Christ.*

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song;  
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;  
Hosanna to the eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labor of thy hands;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound —  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

**615.**      7 & 6s. M.      ANONYMOUS.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 THE morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour;  
Each cry to Heaven going  
Abundant answer brings,  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.



**616, 617. MORNING AND EVENING.**

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim the Lord has come.

**616. 12s. M.**

*Prayer for the Fatherless.*

- 1 WHEN the sun gloriously comes forth from the  
ocean,  
Making earth beautiful, chasing shadows  
away,  
Thus do we offer thee our prayer of devotion,  
God of the fatherless! guide us, guard us  
to-day.
- 2 When o'er the western hills, the sunset tints  
blending,  
Show us how quickly fades all that on earth  
seems bright,  
Still to unfading realms our prayer is ascending,  
God of the fatherless! guide us, guard us  
to-night.

**617. 10s. M. LYTT.**

*Prayer in Affliction.*

- 1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
 Change and decay in all around I see;  
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;  
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's  
     power?  
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!
- 4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
     skies!  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
     shadows flee;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## 618. L. M. COLLYER.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone!  
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;  
 Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,  
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone!  
 Swept from the records of the year;  
 And still, with every setting sun,  
 Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone!  
 But soon a fairer shall arise —  
 A day, whose never-setting sun  
 Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

- 4 Another fleeting day is gone !  
 In solemn silence rest, my soul;  
 And bow before his awful throne,  
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.

619. C. M. W. B. O. PEABODY.

*Autumn Evening Meditations.*

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !  
 It melts in deepening gloom ;  
 So calmly Christians sink away,  
 Descending to the tomb.  
 The winds breathe low — the withering leaf  
 Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
 So gently flows the parting breath,  
 When good men cease to be.
- 2 How beautiful, on all the hills,  
 The crimson light is shed !  
 'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
 To mourners round his bed.  
 How mildly on the wandering cloud  
 The sunset beam is cast !  
 'Tis like the memory left behind,  
 When loved ones breathe their last.
- 3 And now above the dews of night  
 The yellow star appears ;  
 So faith springs in the hearts of those  
 Whose eyes are bathed in tears.  
 But soon the morning's happier light  
 Its glories shall restore ;  
 And eyelids that are sealed in death  
 Shall wake to close no more.

620. C. M. BROWN.

*Evening Meditation.*

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.
- 3 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.
- 4 Thus, when life's tailsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

621. 7s. M. FURNESS.

*Song in the Night.*

- 1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled;  
Down around the weary world  
Falls the darkness; O, how still  
Is the working of his will!
- 2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh!  
Work in me as silently;  
Veil the day's distracting sights,  
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

**622, 623. MORNING AND EVENING.**

- 3 Living stars to view he brought  
In the boundless realms of thought,  
High and infinite desires,  
Flaming like those upper fires.
- 4 Holy truth, eternal right,  
Let them break upon my sight;  
Let them shine serene and still,  
And with light my being fill.

**622. 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.**  
*Evening Devotion.*

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Nought escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault and secret sin.
- 3 Soon for me the light of day  
Shall forever pass away,  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

**623. 8 & 7s. M. C. ROBBINS.**  
*Sabbath Evening Worship.*

- 1 Lo! the day of rest declineth;  
Gather fast the shades of night:  
May the Sun, that ever shineth,  
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

- 2 Softly now the dew is falling;  
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;  
On his children, meekly calling,  
Purer influence God will shed.
- 3 While thine ear of love addressing,  
Thus our parting hymn we sing;  
Father, give thine evening blessing;  
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

624. P. M. S. F. ADAMS.

*Nearer to God.*

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee —  
Nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song would be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee —  
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee —  
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee —  
Nearer to thee!

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to thee —  
 Nearer to thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upwards I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to thee —  
 Nearer to thee!

625. 8, 8, & 6s. M. FROM THE GERMAN.

*Nature praising God.*

- 1 O, COME and sing your Maker's name;  
 With cheerful thanks his praise proclaim;  
 For ye are all his own;  
 All, from the angel to the worm,  
 The vernal breeze, the raging storm,  
 Confess him Lord alone.
- 2 He gives the world yon orb of light;  
 He bids the moon shine mildly bright;  
 He wields the balanced earth;  
 He makes the seasons duly yield;  
 His dews refresh the grassy field,  
 And give its treasures birth.

- 3 His rainbow still proclaims on high  
That mercy, to repentance nigh,  
Which never shall abate ;  
The morning on the midnight calls,  
The day exclaims till evening falls,  
That God is good and great ; —
- 4 Great when the thunder rolls along,  
Great in the streams of ocean strong,  
The light, the fountains sweet.  
Great God, if thus thy praises be,  
Make this devoted heart to thee  
A sanctuary meet.

626. C. M. BRYANT.

*Asking God's Pity and Grace.*

- 1 O God, whose dread and dazzling brow  
Love never yet forsook,  
On those who seek thy presence now  
In deep compassion look.
- 2 For many a frail and erring heart  
Is in thy holy sight,  
And feet too willing to depart  
From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet pleased the humble prayer to hear,  
And kind to all that live,  
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,  
Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Lord, aid us with thy heavenly grace  
Our truest bliss to find,  
Nor sternly judge our erring race,  
So feeble and so blind.



627. O. P. M. REV. H. MOORE.

*God is Love.*

- 1 My God, thy boundless love I praise;  
How bright on high its glories blaze!  
How sweetly bloom below!  
It streams from thine eternal throne;  
Through heaven its joys forever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,  
Their genial drops distil;  
In every vernal beam it glows,  
And breathes in every gale that blows,  
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
And pours its flowery beauties round,  
Whose sweets perfume the gale;  
Its bounties richly spread the plain,  
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,  
And smile in every vale.
- 4 But in thy word we see it shine  
With grace and glory more divine,  
Proclaiming sins forgiven;  
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way  
To realms of everlasting day  
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blest  
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,  
And ardent gratitude;

And all my thoughts and passions tend  
To thee, my Father and my Friend,  
My soul's eternal good.

628. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Christ seen of Angels.*

1 O, YE immortal throng  
Of angels round the throne,  
Join with our feeble song  
To make the Saviour known;  
On earth ye knew  
His wondrous grace;  
His beauteous face  
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child  
In human flesh arrayed,  
Benevolent and mild,  
While in the manger laid;  
And praise to God,  
And peace on earth,  
For such a birth,  
Proclaimed aloud.

3 Around his sacred tomb  
A willing watch ye keep,  
Till the blest moment come  
To rouse him from his sleep;  
Then rolled the stone,  
And all adored  
Your rising Lord  
With joy unknown.

4 When all arrayed in light,  
 The shining Conqueror rode,  
 Ye hailed his rapturous flight  
 Up to the throne of God,  
 And waved around  
 Your golden wings  
 And struck your strings  
 Of sweetest sound.

5 The warbling notes pursue,  
 And louder anthems raise,  
 While mortals sing with you  
 Their own Redeemer's praise ;  
 And thou, my heart,  
 With equal flame,  
 And joy the same,  
 Perform thy part.

629. L. M. WATTS.

*Praise and blessed Privilege.*

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing —  
 To show thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the sacred day of rest ;  
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
 O, may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 But I shall share a glorious part  
 When grace hath well refined my heart,  
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

**630. C. M.**

*Earth an Emblem of Heaven.*

- 1 THE earth, all light and loveliness,  
In summer's golden hours,  
Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,  
And crowned with festal flowers,  
So radiantly beautiful,  
So like to heaven above,  
We scarce can deem more fair that world  
Of perfect bliss and love.
- 2 Is this a shadow, faint and dim,  
Of that which is to come?  
What shall the unveiled splendor be  
Of our celestial home,  
Where waves the glorious tree of life,  
Where streams of bliss gush free,  
And all is glowing in the light  
Of immortality!

**631. L. M. MRS. GILMAN.**

*The Sabbath.*

- 1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,  
Thou, who hast every blessing given,  
Which sends the dreams of earth away,  
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,  
May we enjoy thy calm repose,  
And, in thy service truly blest,  
Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord, may thy truth upon the heart  
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,  
And flowers of grace in freshness start,  
Were once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May Prayer now lift her sacred wings,  
Contented with that aim alone,  
Which bears her to the King of kings,  
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

**632.** L. M. S. F. ADAMS.

*God's Care for All.*

- 1 HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower ;  
Alike they're needful to the flower ;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?  
Creator, I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to thee.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.
- 3 O, ne'er will I at life repine.  
Enough that thou hast made it mine ;  
When falls the shadow cold of death,  
I yet will sing, with parting breath,  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

633. C. M. LYRA CATH.

*God's Presence.*

- 1 O, it is hard to work for God,  
Tô rise and take his part,  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!
- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad;
- 3 Or he deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost,  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.
- 4 Ill masters good; good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross purposes.
- 5 It is not so, but so it looks;  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.
- 6 Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by child-like love.

## 634. C. M. LYRA CATH.

*God's Presence.*

- 1 THE look, the fashion of God's ways  
Love's life-long study are ;  
She can be bold, and guess, and act,  
When reason would not dare.
- 2 She has a prudence of her own ;  
Her step is firm and free ;  
Yet there is cautious science, too,  
In her simplicity.
- 3 Workman of God ! O, lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like ;  
And in the darkest battle field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 4 O, blessed is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when he  
Is most invisible.
- 5 And blessed is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 6 O, learn to scorn the praise of men !  
O, learn to lose with God !  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee his road.
- 7 For right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

**635. C. M. ORTONVILLE.**

*The Power of Prayer.*

- 1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night ;  
There is an ear that never shuts,  
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,  
When human strength gives way ;  
There is a love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;  
That arm upholds the sky ;  
That ear is filled with angel songs ;  
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield  
When mortal aid is vain,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,  
Through Jesus, to the throne ;  
And moves the hand which moves the world,  
To bring salvation down !

**636. L. M. 6l. H. MOORE.**

*God seen in all Things.*

- 1 THOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee ;  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.



- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays,  
 Among the opening clouds of even,  
 And we can almost think we gaze  
 Through golden vistas into heaven,  
 Those hues that make the sun's decline  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
 And every flower the summer wreathes,  
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye;  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

637. L. M. WATTS.

*God's Angels.*

- 1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light  
 The King of Glory spreads his seat,  
 And troops of angels, stretched for flight,  
 Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 Thy wingéd troops, O God of hosts,  
 Wait on thy wandering church below:  
 Here we are sailing to thy coasts;  
 Let angels be our convoys too.

- 3 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?  
 At thy command they go and come,  
 With cheerful haste obey thy word,  
 And guard their children to their home.

638. S. M. E. TAYLOR.

*The Bible.*

- 1 It is the one true light,  
 When other lamps grow dim,  
 'T will never burn less purely bright,  
 Nor lead astray from Him.  
 It is Love's blessed band,  
 That reaches from the throne  
 To him — whoe'er he be — whose hand  
 Will seize it for his own!
- 2 It is the golden key  
 Unto celestial wealth,  
 Joy to the sons of poverty,  
 And to the sick man, health!  
 The gently proffered aid  
 Of One who knows and best  
 Supplies the beings He has made  
 With what will make them blest.
- 3 It is the sweetest sound  
 That infant years can hear,  
 Travelling across that holy ground,  
 With God and angels near.  
 There rests the weary head,  
 There age and sorrow go;  
 And how it smooths the dying bed,  
 O, let the Christian show!

## 639. L. M. BOWRING.

*The Gospel.*

- 1 UPON the Gospel's sacred page  
The gathered beams of ages shine;  
And, as it hastens, every age  
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year does knowledge soar,  
And, as it soars, the Gospel light  
Adds to its influence more and more.
- 3 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,  
Pours inexhaustible supplies,  
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,  
And wisdom's self become more wise.
- 4 More glorious still as centuries roll,  
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,  
Expanding with the expanding soul,  
Its waters shall o'erflow the world; —
- 5 Flow to restore, but not destroy;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours out its floods of light and joy,  
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

## 640. C. M.

*The Coronation.*

- 1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall:  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all!

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all!
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all!
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all!
- 6 O, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all!

641. S. M. HAMMOND.

*"The Song of the Lamb."* Rev. xv. 3, 4.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!  
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name!

- 2 Sing of his dying love ;  
Sing of his rising power :  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues ;  
Sing, till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing, on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing !  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, th' exalted King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,  
" Ye blessed children, come !"  
Soon will he call us hence away  
To our eternal home.
- 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

643. C. M. WATTS.

*Praise to the Lamb.*

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne :  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise :  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
Forever on thy head.
- 5 The worlds of nature and of grace  
Are put beneath thy power ;  
Then shorten these delaying days  
And bring the promised hour.

**643. C. P. M. MEDLEY.**

*Song of Praise to Christ.*

- 1 O, COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
O, could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine,  
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,  
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne :  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would, to everlasting days,  
Make all his glories known.

- 3 Well, the delightful day will come,  
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
 And I shall see his face ;  
 Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Triumphant in his grace.

**644. C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.**

*A Suffering Saviour.*

- 1 THE Saviour comes ! no outward pomp  
 Bespeaks his presence nigh ;  
 No earthly beauties in him shine,  
 To draw the carnal eye.
- 2 Fair as a blooming, tender flower  
 Amidst the desert grows ;  
 So, slighted and despised by man,  
 The heavenly Saviour rose.
- 3 They held him as condemned by heaven,  
 An outcast from his God ;  
 While for their sins he groaned and bled  
 Beneath his Father's rod.
- 4 With sinners in the dust he lay,  
 The rich a grave supplied ;  
 Unspotted was his blameless life,  
 Unstained by sin he died.
- 5 His soul rejoicing shall behold  
 The purchase of his pain ;  
 And every sinner by him saved  
 Shall bless Messiah's reign.

- 6 He died to bear the guilt of men,  
That sin might be forgiven;  
He lives to bless them, and defend,  
And plead their cause in heaven.

645. 7s. M. COWPER.

*Love of Jesus.*

- 1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'T is thy Saviour; hear his word:  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, —  
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?
- 2 " I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ? "
- 5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee, and adore, —  
O, for grace to love thee more!



**646.** 7 & 6s. M. MONTGOMERY.

*Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son ;  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun.  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 Before him on the mountains,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.  
For him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.
- 3 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest ;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand forever ;  
That name to us is Love.

**647.** 11 & 10s. M. HEBER.

*Birth of Jesus.*

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels bend o'er him, in slumber reclining, —  
Monarch, Redeemer, Restorer of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

648.

C. M. 8l.

E. H. SEARS.

*Christmas Carols.*

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold: —  
“Peace on the earth — good will to men  
From heaven's all-gracious King” —  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world;  
Above its sad and lonely plains  
They bend on heavenly wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
 The world hath suffered long;  
 Beneath the angel strain have rolled  
 Two thousand years of wrong;  
 And man, at war with man, hears not  
 The love song which they bring —  
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
 And hear the angels sing!
- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow;  
 Look, now! for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing —  
 O, rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing!
- 5 For, lo, the days are hastening on,  
 By prophet bards foretold,  
 When with the ever-circling years,  
 Comes round the age of gold;  
 When peace shall over all the earth  
 Its ancient splendors fling,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing.

649. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

*Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky,  
 One Star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —  
It is the Star of Bethlehem!
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark;  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my courage froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose, —  
It was the Star of Bethlehem!
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever, and forevermore, —  
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem!

## 650. P. M.

*Triumph of Christianity.*

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!  
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no  
more;  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-star of  
gladness;  
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued  
 them,  
 And scattered their legions, was mightier  
 far;  
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that  
 pursued them,  
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of  
 war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the Power that hath saved  
 thee,  
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should  
 be;  
 Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved  
 thee;  
 The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is  
 free.

651. L. M. RUSSELL.

*Not where to lay his head.*

- 1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee  
 The gloom of twilight gathers fast,  
 And on the waters drearily  
 Descends the fitful evening blast.
- 2 The weary bird hath left the air,  
 And sunk into his sheltered nest;  
 The wandering beast has sought his lair,  
 And laid him down to welcome rest.
- 3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,  
 Lingers a form of human kind;  
 And on his lone, unsheltered head  
 Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

- 4 Why seeks he not a home of rest?  
 Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?  
 Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;  
 He hath not where to lay his head.
- 5 Such was the lot he freely chose,  
 To bless, to save the human race;  
 And through his poverty there flows  
 A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

652. C. M. MRS. HEMANS.

*Jesus stilling the Tempest.*

- 1 FEAR WAS within the tossing bark,  
 When stormy winds grew loud,  
 And waves came rolling high and dark,  
 And the tall mast was bowed,
- 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,  
 And baffled in their skill;  
 But One was there, who rose and said  
 To the wild sea, "Be still!"
- 3 And the wind ceased, — it ceased! that word  
 Passed through the stormy sky;  
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
 And sank beneath his eye.
- 4 And slumber settled on the deep,  
 And silence on the blast,  
 As when the righteous falls asleep,  
 When death's fierce throes are past.
- 5 Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,  
 Subdue us to thy will;  
 Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,  
 Speak and say, "Peace! be still!"

**653. L. M. COWPER.***Christ stilling the Tempest.*

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
Out of the depths to thee I call ;  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guard and guide me through the storm ;  
Defend me from each threatening ill ;  
Control the waves ; say, " Peace ! be still ! "
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shattered bark again.

**654. 11 & 10s. M.***The Widow of Nain.*

- 1 WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation !  
Weep not, O widow ; weep not hopelessly !  
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation ;  
Strong is the word of God to succor thee.
- 2 Bear forth the cold corpse ; slowly, slowly bear  
him ;  
Hide his pale features with the sable pall :  
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him ;  
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

3 Why pause the mourners? who forbids their weeping?

Who the dark pomp of sorrow hath delayed?  
 "Set down the bier,—he is not dead, but sleeping;  
 Young man, arise!" He spake, and was obeyed.

4 Change then, O sad one, grief to exultation;  
 Worship, and fall before Messiah's knee.  
 Strong was his arm, the Bringer of Salvation;  
 Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

### 655. L. M.

#### *Gethsemane.*

- 1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow  
 The star is dimmed that lately shone;  
 'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,  
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,  
 Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;  
 E'en the disciple that he loved  
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt  
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt  
 Is not forsaken of his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains  
 Is borne the song that angels know;  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.



## 656. C. M. BAXTER.

*Following Christ.*

- 1 CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms  
Than he went through before :  
He that into God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blesséd face to see ;  
For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What must thy glory be ?
- 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with those triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with him !

## 657. 6 &amp; 10s. M. MRS. MILES.

*Christ our Example in Suffering.*

- 1 THOU who didst stoop below,  
To drain the cup of woe,  
And wear the form of frail mortality,  
Thy blesséd labors done,  
Thy glorious victory won,  
Hast passed from earth — passed to thy home on  
high.

2 Our vision may not trace  
 In thy celestial face  
 The image of the bright, the viewless One;  
 Nor may thy servants hear,  
 Save with faith's raptured ear,  
 Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son.

3 Although we see thee not,  
 Yet thou hast not forgot  
 Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in  
 thee;  
 Before thy Father's face  
 Thou hast prepared a place,  
 That where thou art they evermore shall be.

4 It was no path of flowers,  
 Through this dark world of ours,  
 Belovéd of the Father, thou didst tread;  
 And shall we, in dismay,  
 Shrink from the narrow way,  
 When storms and darkness are around it spread?

5 O Thou, who art our life,  
 Be with us through the strife;  
 Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;  
 Raise Thou our eyes above,  
 To see the Father's love  
 Beam like a bow of promise through the cloud.

6 And O, if thoughts of gloom  
 Should hover o'er the tomb,  
 That light of love our guiding star shall be;  
 Our spirits shall not dread  
 The shadowy way to tread,  
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

## 658. H. M. Mrs. MILLS.

*A cry for Help.*

- 1 THOU, infinite in love!  
     Guide this bewildered mind,  
     Which, like the trembling dove,  
     No resting-place can find;  
 On the wild waters, God of light,  
 Through the thick darkness lead me right!
- 2 Bid the fierce conflict cease,  
     And fear and anguish fly;  
     Let there again be peace,  
     As in the days gone by:  
 In Jesus' name I cry to thee,  
 Remembering Gethsemane.
- 3 Though through the future shade  
     Pale phantoms I descry,  
     Let me not shrink dismayed,  
     But ever feel thee nigh;  
 There may be grief, and pain, and care,  
 But, O my Father! thou art there.

## 659. 8 &amp; 7s. M. BOWRING.

*The Cross of Christ.*

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
     Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
     All the light of sacred story  
     Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
     Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
     Never shall the cross forsake me;  
     Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming,  
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

660. C. M. ST. BERNARD.

*Trust in Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast;  
 But sweeter far thy face to see,  
 And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find  
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O, hope of every contrite heart!  
 O, joy of all the meek!  
 To those who fall, how kind thou art!  
 How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show,  
 The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou;  
 As thou our prize wilt be;  
 Jesus, be thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

**661.** 8 & 7s. M. BRYDGES.

*With his stripes are we healed.*

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend;  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend:  
 Here alone I find my heaven,  
 Humbly on the Lamb to gaze;  
 Feel how much has been forgiven,  
 To his own eternal praise!
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 Here I'll spend my latest breath;  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death:  
 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
 In all need to Jesus go,  
 Prove each day his wounds more healing,  
 And himself more deeply know!

**662.** 8 & 7s. M. TABER.

*Bearing the Cross.*

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee;  
 I am poor, despised, forsaken,—  
 Thou, henceforth, my all shalt be:  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
 Yet how rich is my condition!  
 God and heaven may be mine own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;  
 It has left my Saviour too :  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me ;  
 Thou art not like them untrue :  
 Whilst thy graces shall adorn me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me ;  
 Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear ;  
 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed with faith and winged with prayer ;  
 An eternal day before thee  
 Waits for God to guide thee there.

**663.** 7s. M. TOPLADY.

*Christ our Redeemer.*

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee ;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy riven side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure ;  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands  
 Can fulfil thy law's demands :  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears forever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone !

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to thy fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

664.

7s. M.

C. WESLEY.

*Christ our Refuge.*

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stayed;  
All my hope from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind;  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

**665.** C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Christ precious to the Believer.*

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;  
 'Tis music to mine ear;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud  
 That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 All my capacious powers can wish  
 In thee doth richly meet;  
 Not to mine eyes is light so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
 And sheds its fragrance there;  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name  
 With my last laboring breath;  
 Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,  
 The antidote of death.



**666. 7 & 6s. GERHARD.**

*"O sacred Head, now wounded!"*

- 1 O SACRED Head, now wounded!  
 With grief and shame weighed down;  
 O sacred brow, surrounded  
 With thorns, thine only crown!  
 Once on a throne of glory,  
 Adorned with light divine,  
 Now all despised and gory,  
 I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 On me, as thou art dying,  
 O, turn thy pitying eye!  
 To thee for mercy crying,  
 Before thy cross I lie.  
 Thine, thine the bitter passion,  
 Thy pain is all for me;  
 Mine, mine the deep transgression,  
 My sins are all on thee.
- 3 What language can I borrow,  
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
 For all this dying sorrow,  
 Of all my woes the end?  
 O, can I leave thee ever?  
 Then do not thou leave me:  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 Outlive my love to thee.
- 4 Be near when I am dying;  
 Then close beside me stand;  
 Let me, while faint and sighing,  
 Lean calmly on thy hand:

These eyes new faith receiving,  
 From thine eye shall not move;  
 For he who dies believing,  
 Dies safely in thy love.

667. 78. M. J. Scott.

*Christ is risen.*

- 1 ANGEL, roll the stone away!  
 Death, give up thy mighty prey!  
 See, he rises from the tomb,  
 Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song;  
 Let the notes be sweet and strong;  
 Hail the Son of God, this morn,  
 From his sepulchre new born!
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears;  
 Calm those unbelieving fears;  
 Doubt no more his power to save;  
 See his own deserted grave!
- 4 Powers of heaven, seraphic fires,  
 Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres;  
 Sons of men, in joyful strain  
 Hail your mighty Saviour's reign!
- 5 Every note with rapture swell,  
 And the Saviour's triumph tell;  
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
 Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

## 668. 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COL.,

*The Resurrection of Jesus.*

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Sons of men, and angels, say :  
Raise your joys and triumphs high !  
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won :  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where he hath led,  
Following our exalted Head ;  
Made like him, like him we rise ;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

## 669. L. M.

*I know that my Redeemer lives.*

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives, —  
What joy the blest assurance gives !  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead ;  
He lives, my everlasting Head !
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love ;  
He lives to plead for me above ;  
He lives my hungry soul to feed ;  
He lives to help in time of need.

- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;  
 He lives, and I shall conquer death;  
 He lives, my mansion to prepare;  
 He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives,— all glory to his name,—  
 He lives, my Saviour still the same;  
 What joy the blest assurance gives,—  
 I know that my Redeemer lives!

670. P. M. H. WARE, JR.

*Easter Hymn.*

- 1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,  
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.  
 Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,  
 And short the dominion of death and the  
 grave;  
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound  
 him,  
 Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.  
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—  
 "The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die."
- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;  
 The being he gave us death cannot destroy.  
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,  
 If tears were our birthright, and death were  
 our end;  
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,  
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.  
 Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,  
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

## 671. C. M. 8l. T. H. GILL.

*Transformed through Christ.*

- 1 O, MEAN may seem this house of clay,  
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;  
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,  
 Yet here Emmanuel trod ;  
 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,  
 This watch the Lord did keep,  
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear,  
 These tears the Lord did weep.
- 2 Our very frailty brings us near  
 Unto the Lord of heaven ;  
 To every grief, to every tear,  
 Such glory strange is given ;  
 But not this fleshly robe alone  
 Shall link us, Lord, to thee ;  
 Not always in the tear and groan  
 Shall the dear kindred be.
- 3 Thou to our woe who down didst come,  
 Who one with us wouldst be,  
 Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,  
 Wilt make us one with thee.  
 Our earthly garments thou hast worn,  
 And we thy robes shall wear !  
 Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,  
 And we thy bliss may bear.
- 4 O mighty grace, our life to live,  
 To make our earth divine ;  
 O mighty grace, thy heaven to give,  
 And lift our life to thine !

O, strange the gifts, and marvellous,  
 By thee received and given !  
 Thou tookest woe and death from us,  
 And we receive thy heaven.

**672.** L. M. BULFINCH.

*"Did not our heart burn within us?"*

- 1 HATH not thy heart within thee burned  
 At evening's calm and holy hour,  
 As if its inmost depths discerned  
 The presence of a loftier power ?
- 2 As they, who once with Jesus trod,  
 With kindling breast his accents heard,  
 But knew not that the Son of God  
 Was uttering every burning word, —
- 3 Father of Jesus, thus thy voice  
 Speaks to our hearts in tones divine ;  
 Our spirits tremble and rejoice,  
 But know not that the voice is thine.
- 4 Still be thy hallowed accents near ;  
 To doubt and passion whisper peace ;  
 Direct us on our journey here,  
 And bid, in heaven, our wanderings cease.

**673.** S. M. BRIGGS'S COL.

*The Coming of Christ in Power.*

- 1 LORD Jesus, come ! for here  
 Our path through wilds is laid ;  
 We watch, as for the dayspring near,  
 Amid the breaking shade.

- 2 Lord Jesus, come! for hosts  
Meet on the battle-plain;  
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,  
And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus, come! for chains  
Are still upon the slave;  
Bind up his wounds, relieve his pains,  
The pining bondman save.
- 4 Hark! herald voices near  
Lead on thy happier day;  
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear;  
We wait to strew thy way.
- 5 Come, as in days of old,  
With words of grace and power;  
Gather us all within thy fold,  
And let us stray no more.

674. C. M. WATTS.

*"Am I a soldier of the cross?"*

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb!  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign :  
Increase my courage, Lord !  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die ;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thine armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

675.

7s. M.

BEAUMONT:

*Inward Peace.*

- 1 As earth's pageant passes by,  
Let reflection turn thine eye  
Inward, and observe thy breast ;  
There alone dwells solid rest.
- 2 That's a close-immuréd tower,  
Which can mock all hostile power ;  
To thyself a tenant be,  
And inhabit safe and free.
- 3 Say not that this house is small,  
Girt up in a narrow wall ;  
In a cleanly, sober mind,  
Heaven itself full room doth find.
- 4 The Infinite Creator can  
Dwell in it ; and may not man ?  
Here, content, make thy abode  
With thyself and with thy God.



676. 7s. M. CONDER.

*Our daily Bread and Work.*

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell:  
O, to learn this lesson well!  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 "Day by day," the promise reads;  
Daily strength for daily needs:  
Cast foreboding fears away;  
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, my times are in thy hand:  
All my sanguine hopes have planned  
To thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give;  
Day by day to thee I live;  
So shall added years fulfil,  
Not my own, my Father's will.

677. C. M. 6l. ANNA L. WABING.

*My times are in thy hand.*

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that will surely come,  
I do not fear to see;  
But I ask thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing thee.

- 2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching; wise  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And wipe the weeping eyes;  
 And a heart at leisure from itself  
 To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will  
 That hurries to and fro,  
 Seeking for some great thing to do,  
 Or secret thing to know;  
 I would be treated as a child,  
 And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,  
 In whatsoever estate,  
 I have a fellowship with hearts  
 To keep and cultivate;  
 And a work of lowly love to do  
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

678. C. M. 6l. ANNA L. WARING.

*My times are in thy hand.*

- 1 I ASK thee, Lord, for daily strength,  
 To none that ask denied,  
 And a mind to blend with outward life,  
 While keeping at thy side;  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 If thou be glorified.
- 2 And if some things I do not ask  
 In my cup of blessing be,  
 I would have my spirit filled the more  
 With grateful love to thee;  
 And careful less to serve thee much,  
 Than please thee perfectly.

- 3 There are briers besetting every path,  
Which call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And a need for earnest prayer;  
But a lowly heart that leans on thee  
Is happy any where.
- 4 In a service which thy love appoints  
There are no bonds for me;  
For my secret heart is taught "the truth"  
That makes thy children "free";  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

679. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Grace.*

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to my ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

## 680. S. M. BULFINCH.

*Awaking to God.*

- 1 How glorious is the hour:  
When first our souls awake,  
And through thy Spirit's quickening power  
Of the new life partake!
- 2 With richer beauty glows  
The world, before so fair;  
Her holy light religion throws,  
Reflected every where.
- 3 Amid repentant tears  
We feel sweet peace within;  
We know the God of mercy hears,  
And pardons every sin.
- 4 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,  
Thy Spirit may we share;  
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,  
And place thine image there.

## 681. C. M. 8l. WATTS.

*Praising God in his Works.*

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies;  
I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines bright by his command,  
And all the stars obey.

- 2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good,  
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn mine eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 3 There's not a plant or flower below,  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne,  
Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to thy care;  
There's not a place where we can be,  
But God is present there.

682. L. M. EDMESTON.

*Sabbath Evening in Summer.*

- 1 Is there a time when moments flow  
More happily than all beside?  
It is, of all the times below,  
A summer Sabbath's eventide.
- 2 O, then the setting sun shines fair,  
And all below and all above,  
The various forms of nature, wear  
One universal garb of love.
- 3 And then the peace that Jesus beams —  
The life of grace, the death of sin —  
With nature's placid woods and streams,  
Is peace without, and peace within.

- 4 Delightful scene! a world at rest, —  
 A God all love — no grief, no fear —  
 A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,  
 A smile unsullied by a tear.
- 5 Delightful hour! how soon will night  
 Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign!  
 And morrow's quick returning light  
 Must call us to the world again.
- 6 Yet there will dawn at last a day;  
 A sun that never sets shall rise;  
 Night will not veil his ceaseless ray;  
 The heavenly Sabbath never dies.

683. C. M. FABER.

*A loving Trust.*

- 1 O, WHEN the tide of graces set  
 So full upon my heart,  
 I know, dear Lord, how faithlessly  
 I did my little part.
- 2 I know how well my heart hath earned  
 A chastisement like this,  
 In trifling many a grace away  
 In self-complacent bliss.
- 3 But if this weariness hath come  
 A present from on high,  
 Teach me to find the hidden wealth  
 That in its depths may lie.
- 4 So in this darkness I can learn  
 To tremble and adore,  
 To sound my own vile nothingness,  
 And thus to love thee more.

- 5 To love thee, and yet not to think  
 That I can love so much, —  
 To have thee with me, Lord, all day,  
 Yet not to feel thy touch:
- 6 O, blessed be this darkness then,  
 This deep in which I lie,  
 And blessed be all things that teach  
 God's dread supremacy.

684.

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

*The Christian Pilgrim.*

- 1 Our country is Immanuel's ground;  
 We seek that promised soil;  
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
 And oft are bathed in tears;  
 But only heaven our hopes can raise,  
 And sin alone our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod;  
 We bear the cross he bore;  
 And every thorn that wounds our feet  
 His temples pierced before.
- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,  
 Refining as we run;  
 And while we die to earth and sense,  
 Our heaven is here begun.

685. 7 &amp; 6s. M. COWPER.

*Visits of Divine Love.*

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in his wings:  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
"E'en let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may."
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But he will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And he who feeds the ravens  
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig tree neither  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the field shall wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there,



Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For while in him confiding  
I cannot but rejoice.

686. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

*Seed-time.*

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;  
Broadcast it o'er the land!  
Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Drop it upon the rock!
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots 't is found;  
Go forth, then, every where!  
And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For garnerers in the sky;  
Then, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
At heaven's great harvest home.

687. C. M.

*Gentleness.*

- 1 SPEAK gently, — it is better far  
To rule by love than fear;  
Speak gently, — let no harsh word mar  
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young, — for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'T is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one;  
Grieve not the careworn heart;  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones;  
They must have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so;  
O, win them back again!
- 5 Speak gently, — 't is a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, that it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

688. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

*Humility.*

- 1 THE bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing  
Sings in the shade when all things rest:  
In lark and nightingale we see  
What honor hath humility.

- 2 When Mary chose the better part,  
     She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;  
 And Lydia's gently opened heart  
     Was made for God's own temple meet:  
 Fairest and best adorned is she  
     Whose clothing is humility.
- 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown  
     In deepest adoration bends;  
 The weight of glory bows him down,  
     Then most when most his soul ascends:  
 Nearest the throne itself must be  
     The footstool of humility.

689. C. M. S. F. ADAMS.

*Hope.*

- 1 THE world may change from old to new,  
     From new to old again,  
 Yet hope and heaven, forever true,  
     Within man's heart remain.  
 The dreams that bless the weary soul,  
     The struggles of the strong,  
 Are steps towards some happy goal,  
     The story of hope's song.
- 2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,  
     The man to sow the seed,  
 Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,  
     But prompts again to deed.  
 And ere upon the old man's dust  
     The grass is seen to wave,  
 We look through falling tears, to trust  
     Hope's sunshine on the grave.

690. 7, 6, & 8s. M. E. FLETCHER.

*Forbearance.*

- 1 THINK gently of the erring;  
     Lord, let us not forget,  
     However darkly stained by sin,  
     He is our brother yet.  
     Heir of the same inheritance,  
     Child of the self-same God,  
     He hath but stumbled in the path  
     We have in weakness trod.
- 2 Speak gently to him, brother;  
     Thou yet mayst lead him back,  
     With holy words, and tones of love,  
     From misery's thorny track.  
     Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
     And sinful yet must be:  
     Deal gently with the erring one,  
     As God has dealt with thee.

691. P. M.

*Thy will be done.*

- 1 THY will be done! In devious way  
     The hurrying stream of life may run;  
     Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,  
         Thy will be done!
- 2 Thy will be done! If o'er us shine  
     A gladdening and a prosperous sun,  
     This prayer shall make it more divine:  
         Thy will be done!

**692, 693. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.**

3 Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er  
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one  
Is ours, — to breathe, while we adore,  
Thy will be done!

**692. L. M.**

*Perfect Trust.*

- 1 THY will be done! I will not fear  
The fate provided by thy love;  
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,  
I know that all is bright above.
- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,  
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with  
tears;  
And though the hopes of earth be gone,  
Yet are not ours the immortal years?
- 3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,  
Thus trembling, to the things of time;  
And bid the soul, on angel wings,  
Ascend into a purer clime.
- 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,  
No sorrows dim celestial love;  
But these afflictions of the dust,  
Like shadows of the night, remove.

**693. 7s. M. COWPER.**

*Joy in Trials.*

- 1 'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss:

Trials must and will befall ;  
 But with humble faith to see  
 Love inscribed upon them all,  
 This is happiness to me.

- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds  
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
 These spring up and choke the weeds  
 Which would else o'erspread the soil ;  
 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
 Trials give new life to prayer ;  
 Trials bring me to his feet,  
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisement by the way,  
 Might I not with reason fear  
 I should prove a castaway ?  
 Aliens may escape the rod ;  
 Such in earthly good delight ;  
 But the true-born child of God  
 Must not, would not, if he might.

694. L. M. WATTS.

*Giving up all for Christ.*

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;  
 I shall behold thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
 But the bright world to which I go  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
 When shall I wake and find me there ?

**695, 696. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.**

O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God!  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

**695. C. M. W. B. O. PEABODY.**

*Thy Neighbor.*

- 1 Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless;  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy hand may soothe or press.
- 2 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup  
When sorrow drowns the brim;  
With words of high, sustaining hope,  
Go thou, and comfort him.
- 3 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary slave,  
Fettered in mind and limb;  
He hath no hope this side the grave;  
Go thou, and ransom him.
- 4 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
A breaking heart from misery;  
Go, share thy lot with him.

**696. 7 & 5s. M. C. A. DANA.**

*Work.*

- 1 WORK,—and thou wilt bless the day  
Ere the toil be done;  
They that work not cannot play,  
Cannot feel the sun.

God is living, working still ;  
 All things work and move ;  
 Work, wouldst thou their beauty feel,  
 And thy Maker's love.

2 All the rolling planets glow  
 Bright as burning gold !  
 Should they pause, how soon they'd grow  
 Colorless and cold !  
 Joy and beauty, — where were they  
 If the world stood still ?  
 Like the world, thy law obey,  
 And thy calling fill.

3 Wouldst thou know the joy of health ?  
 Wouldst thou feel thy powers ?  
 Industry alone is wealth ;  
 What we do is ours.  
 Load the passive hours with thought,  
 While they stay with thee ;  
 Then despatch them, richly fraught,  
 To eternity.

697. L. M. 6l. H. WARE, JR.

[Written in sickness, March, 1836.]

*Prayer for Peace in God.*

1 FATHER, thy gentle chastisement  
 Falls kindly on my burdened soul ;  
 I see its merciful intent,  
 To warn me back to thy control ;  
 And pray, that while I kiss the rod,  
 I may find perfect peace with God,



- 2 The errors of my heart I know ;  
 I feel my deep infirmities ;  
 For often virtuous feelings glow,  
 And holy purposes arise, —  
 But like the morning clouds decay,  
 As empty, though as fair, as they.
- 3 Forgive the weakness I deplore,  
 And let thy peace abound in me,  
 That I may trust myself no more,  
 But wholly cast myself on thee :  
 O, let my Father's strength be mine,  
 And my devoted life be thine.

698. L. M. MRS. GILMAN.

*Prayer for Help at all Times.*

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,  
 When worldly pleasures lose their power ?  
 My Father ! let me turn to thee,  
 And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,  
 Which scorns the prospect of relief ?  
 My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,  
 And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,  
 When hope is all my soul's employ ?  
 My Father ! still my hopes will roam,  
 Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,  
 The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,  
 The glow of health, the dying hour,  
 Shall own my Father's grace and power.

699.

8 &amp; 6s. M.

ELLIOTT.

*Just as I am.*

- 1 **Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!**
- 2 **Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!**
- 3 **Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!**
- 4 **Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!**
- 5 **Just as I am, thou wilt receive;  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!**
- 6 **Just as I am, thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!**

**700, 701.**    DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.

**700.**    8 & 7s. M.    TOPLADY:

*Prayer in Affliction.*

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
  Borders on the shades of death,  
Come, and by thy love's revealing,  
  Dissipate the clouds beneath;  
The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
  In our deepest darkness rise,  
Scattering all the night of nature,  
  Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing;  
  Life and joy thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
  Every poor, benighted heart:  
Come, and manifest the favor  
  Promised to thy ransomed race;  
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,  
  Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

**701.**    8 & 7s. M.    EPISCOPAL COL.

*For Help in Weakness.*

- 1 LORD, with fervor I would praise thee,  
  For the bliss thy love bestows;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
  And the peace that from it flows:  
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;  
  This dull soul to rapture raise;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
  Can my love be warmed to praise.

- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
 Wretched wanderer, far astray,  
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
 From the paths of death away ;  
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
 And, the light of hope revealing,  
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
 Vainly would my lips express ;  
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.  
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
 Love's pure flame within me raise,  
 And, since words can never measure,  
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

702. 6 & 4s. M. HEMANS.

*In the Hour of Death.*

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be  
 Thy children's cry to thee,  
 Father divine !  
 A hymn of suppliant breath,  
 Owning that life and death  
 Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour  
 When earth all succoring power  
 Shall disavow,  
 When spear, and shield, and crown,  
 In faintness are cast down,  
 Sustain us thou !

- 8 By Him who bowed to take  
 The death-cup for our sake,  
     The thorn, the rod, —  
 From whom the last dismay  
 Was not to pass away, —  
     Aid us, O God !
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,  
 We call on thee to save,  
     Father divine !  
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;  
 Keep us in life and death,  
     Thine, only thine.

**703. C. M. HYMNS OF PRIM. CH.**

*Lamentations of a Sinner.*

- 1 O LORD, turn not thy face away  
 From him that lies prostrate,  
 Lamenting sore his sinful life  
 Before thy mercy gate,
- 2 Which thou dost open wide to those  
 Who do lament their sin ;  
 O, shut it not against me, Lord,  
 But let me enter in.
- 3 Call me not to a strict account  
 How I have livéd here ;  
 For then, I know right well, O Lord,  
 How vile I shall appear.
- 4 I need not to confess my life ;  
 For surely thou canst tell  
 What I have been ; and what I am  
 Thou knowest very well.

- 5 O Lord, I need not to repeat  
 What I do beg and crave ;  
 For thou dost know before I ask  
 The thing that I would have
- 6 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask ;  
 This is the total sum ;  
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;  
 O, let thy mercy come.

## 704. 7 &amp; 6s. M.

*A Prayer for Grace and Pity.*

- 1 O Thou, whose power tremendous,  
 Upholds the starry sky,  
 Thy grace preserving send us,  
 To thee, O Lord, we cry.
- 2 From wilds of fearful error,  
 Wherein we darkly stray,  
 Oppressed with doubt and terror,  
 For saving aid we pray.
- 3 O God of mercy, hear us ;  
 Our pains, our sorrows see ;  
 Thy healing pity spare us,  
 And bring us home to thee.
- 4 O Thou, whose power tremendous,  
 Upholds the starry sky,  
 Thy grace preserving send us,  
 To thee, O Lord, we cry.

**705.**      **L. M.**      **COWPER.**

*Exhortation to Prayer.*

- 1 **WHAT** various hinderances we meet  
In coming to a mercy seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

**706.**      **L. M. 6l.**      **LORD GLENELG.**

*A compassionate High Priest.*

- 1 **WHEN** gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain;  
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the ill I would not do ;  
Still he, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And, O, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My bed of death, for thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

707. C. M. 8l. FABER.

*Prayer amid Distractions.*

- 1 AH, dearest Lord ! I cannot pray ;  
My fancy is not free ;  
Unmannerly distractions come,  
And force my thoughts from thee ;  
The world that looks so dull all day  
Glows bright on me at prayer,  
And plans that ask no thought but then,  
Wake up and meet me there.



- 2 Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found  
 But in the thought of thee,  
 Prayer would have come unsought, and been  
 A truer liberty;  
 Yet thou art oft most present, Lord,  
 In weak distracted prayer;  
 A sinner out of heart with self  
 Most often finds thee there.
- 3 Ah, Jesus, why should I complain?  
 And why fear aught but sin?  
 Distractions are but outward things;  
 Thy peace dwells far within.  
 And prayer that humbles, sets the soul  
 From all illusions free,  
 And teaches it how utterly,  
 Dear Lord, it hangs on thee.

708. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

*For the Spirit.*

- 1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,  
 Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come!  
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,  
 But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
 And loose my cable from below;  
 But I can only spread my sail;  
 Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

709. 6s. M. BYRDGES.

*Christ cheering the Soul.*

- 1 CHEER up, desponding soul ;  
Thy longing pleased I see :  
'Tis part of that great whole,  
Wherewith I longed for thee !
- 2 Wherewith I longed for thee,  
And left my Father's throne,  
From death to set thee free,  
And claim thee for my own.
- 3 To claim thee for my own,  
I suffered on the cross :  
O, were my love but known,  
All else would be as dross !
- 4 All else would be as dross,  
And souls, through grace divine,  
Would count their gains but loss,  
To live forever mine.

710. 7s. M. CENNICK.

*Christian rejoicing in Hope.*

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;  
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
 There your seat is now prepared,  
 There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.

711. 8 & 7s. M. ROBINSON.

*Thanks for Mercy.*

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Blesséd mount, O fix me on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to save my soul from danger,  
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering soul to thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God of love;  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

712. C. M. WATTS.

*Praise to Christ.*

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels' round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus:"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

713. S. M. J. WESLEY.

*Trust in Affliction.*

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his hands, —  
To his sure trust and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

- 3 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To him commend thy cause — his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 4 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

714. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Heaven.*

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There sickness never comes;  
There grief no more complains;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No strife nor envy there  
The sons of peace molest;  
But harmony and love sincere  
Fill every happy breast.
- 4 No cloud those regions know,  
Forever bright and fair;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
- 5 There night is never known,  
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;  
But glory from the eternal throne  
Spreads everlasting day.

- 6 O, may this prospect fire  
 Our hearts with ardent love;  
 May living faith and strong desire  
 Bear every thought above.

715. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*A thankful Heart.*

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne, let this,  
 My humble prayer, arise:—
- 2 "Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free;  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
 My life and death attend,  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And bless my journey's end."

716. C. M. WATTS.

*The ransomed Saints,*

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
 And wet their couch with tears;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to his death.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
 For his own pattern given;  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Shows the same path to heaven.

717. 11 & 5s. M. BOWRING.

*Prayer of the Lowly.*

- 1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,  
 Our humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it,  
 Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;  
 Forgive its weakness.
- 2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us:  
 We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us:  
 And then we turn away; and still thy kindness  
 Forgives our blindness.
- 3 O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest  
 To win with love the wandering; thou invitest  
 By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors.  
 Man from his errors.
- 4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom  
 The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom  
 In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,  
 And spring eternal.

- 5 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,  
 Where angels walk, and seraphs are the war-  
     dens;  
 Where every flower escaped through death's  
     dark portal,  
 Becomes immortal.

## 718. L. M.

*God our Father*

- 1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend  
 To be my Father and my Friend?  
 I but a child, and thou so high,  
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?
- 2 Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear  
 To hear my poor, imperfect prayer,  
 Or stoop to listen to the praise  
 That such a little one can raise?
- 3 Art thou my Father? Let me be  
 A meek, obedient child to thee,  
 And try, in every deed and thought,  
 To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father? I'll depend  
 Upon the care of such a Friend,  
 And only wish to do and be  
 Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 5 Art thou my Father? Then, at last,  
 When all my days on earth are past,  
 Send down, and take me, in thy love,  
 To be thy better child above.



**719, 720.**    **DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.**

**719.**    **8, 7 & 48. M.**    **PRESBYTERIAN COL.**

*Guide us in Life and Death.*

- 1 **GUIDE** me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven !  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 **Open** now the crystal fountains  
Whence the living waters flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliverer !  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 **When** I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

**720.**    **P. M.**

*Hear our Prayer.*

- 1 **HEAR**, Father, hear our prayer !  
Thou who art Pity where sorrow prevaieth,  
Thou who art Safety when mortal help faileth,  
Strength to the feeble, and Hope to despair,  
Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

2 Hear, Father, hear our prayer !  
Wandering unknown in the land of the stranger,  
Be with all travellers in sickness or danger,  
Guard thou their path, guide their feet from the  
snare :

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

3 Hear, Father, hear our prayer !  
Still thou the tempest, night's terrors revealing,  
In lightning flashing, in thy thunder pealing ;  
Save thou the shipwrecked, the voyager spare :  
Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

4 Hear thou the poor that cry !  
Feed thou the hungry, and lighten their sorrow,  
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow :  
They are thy children, their trust is on high :  
Hear thou the poor that cry !

5 Dry thou the mourner's tear !  
Heal thou the wounds of time-hallowed affection :  
Grant to the widow and orphan protection ;  
Be in their trouble a friend ever near :  
Dry thou the mourner's tear !

6 Hear, Father, hear our prayer !  
Long hath thy goodness our footsteps attended ;  
Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended ;  
When, at thy summons, for death we prepare,  
Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

721. L. M. WATTS.

*Danger of Earthly Joys.*

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away;  
     Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
     False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
     And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,  
     Down to the gulf of black despair;  
     And whilst I listened to your song,  
     Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
     That warned me of that dark abyss;  
     That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
     And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
     I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;  
     O for the pinions of a dove,  
     To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There from the bosom of my God,  
     Oceans of endless pleasures roll;  
     There would I fix my last abode,  
     And drown the sorrows of my soul.

722. C. M. FABER.

*Our Will in God's.*

- 1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!  
     And all thy ways adore,  
     And every day I live I seem  
     To love thee more and more.

- 2 Thou wert the end, the blessed rule  
Of Jesus' toils and tears;  
Thou wert the passion of his heart  
Those three and thirty years.
- 3 And he hath breathed into my soul  
A special love of thee,  
A love to lose my will in his,  
And by that loss be free.
- 4 When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.
- 5 And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gayly waits on thee.
- 6 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,  
Its end can never miss;  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.
- 7 He always wins who sides with God;  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

723. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Lead Thou me on.*

- 1 LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
Lead thou me on!  
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on :  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
Lead thou me on !  
I love day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !
- 3 So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still  
'Twill lead me on  
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sor-  
row, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

724.

L. M.

FABER.

*God's Love to us.*

- 1 My soul ! what hast thou done for God ?  
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;  
Sum up what thou hast done for God,  
And then what God hath done for thee.
- 2 He made thee when he might have made  
A soul that would have loved him more ;  
He rescued thee from nothingness,  
And set thee on life's happy shore.
- 3 He placed an angel at thy side,  
And strewed joys round thee on thy way ;  
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,  
And life, free life, before thee lay.
- 4 And now the Father keeps himself  
In patient and forbearing love,  
To be his creature's heritage  
In that undying life above.

**725.** 7 & 6s. M. **BRYDGES.***Longing for Christ.*

- 1 My spirit longeth for thee  
To dwell within my breast;  
Although I am unworthy  
Of so divine a guest!
- 2 Of so divine a guest  
Unworthy though I be,  
Yet hath my heart no rest  
Until it come to thee!
- 3 Until it come to thee,  
In vain I look around;  
In all that I can see,  
No rest is to be found!
- 4 No rest is to be found,  
But in thy bleeding love;  
O, let my wish be crowned,  
And send it from above!

**726.** C. M. **JANE TAYLOR.***Family Evening Hymn.*

- 1 Now condescend, almighty King,  
To bless this little throng;  
And kindly listen, while we sing  
Our pleasant evening song.
- 2 We come to own the power divine  
That watches o'er our days;  
For this our feeble voices join  
In hymns of cheerful praise.

- 3 Before thy sacred footstool see  
We bend in humble prayer,  
A happy little family,  
To ask thy tender care.
- 4 May we in safety sleep to-night,  
From every danger free;  
Because the darkness and the light  
Are both alike to thee.
- 5 And when the rising sun displays  
His cheerful beams abroad,  
Then shall our morning hymn of praise  
Declare thy goodness, Lord.
- 6 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,  
Our lips together move:  
O, smile upon this little band,  
And join our hearts in love.

## 727. C. M. LYRA CATH.

*God with the Humble.*

- 1 THY home is with the humble, Lord!  
The simplest are the best;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;  
Thou makest there thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!  
If thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,  
I'll build a house for thee.
- 3 Who made this beating heart of mine  
But thou, my heavenly guest?  
Let no one have it, then, but thee,  
And let it be thy rest.

**728.** 7 & 6s. M. FROM THOS. AQUINAS.*Christ our Life.*

- 1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,  
O food that angels eat,  
O manna sent from heaven,  
For heaven-born natures meet !  
Give us, for thee long pining,  
To eat till richly filled ;  
Till, earth's delights resigning,  
Our every wish is stilled !
- 2 O water, life-bestowing,  
From out the Saviour's heart,  
A fountain purely flowing,  
A fount of love thou art !  
O let us, freely tasting,  
Our burning thirst assuage !  
Thy sweetness, never wasting,  
Avails from age to age.
- 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,  
We thee unseen adore ;  
Thy faithful word believing,  
We take — and doubt no more ;  
Give us, thou true and loving,  
On earth to live in thee ;  
Then, death the veil removing,  
Thy glorious face to see !

**729.** S. M. EPISCOPAL COL.*Ark of Safety.*

- 1 O, CEASE, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam ;  
All this wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.



- 2 Behold the ark of God ;  
Behold the open door ;  
O, haste to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide ;  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

**730.** L. M. **PROUD.**

*Longing and Waiting.*

- 1 O, COULD I soar to worlds above,  
That blessed state of peace and love,  
How gladly would I mount and fly  
On angels' wings to joys on high !
- 2 But, ah ! still longer must I stay,  
Ere darksome night is changed to day ;  
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,  
Exposed to trials, pains, and care.
- 3 Well, let these troubles still abound ;  
Let thorns and briers fill the ground ;  
Let storms and tempests dreadful come,  
Till I arrive at heaven my home.
- 4 My Father knows what road is best,  
And how to lead to peace and rest ;  
To him I cheerful give my all,  
Go where he leads, and wait his call.
- 5 When he commands my soul away,  
Not kingdoms then shall tempt my stay ;  
With rapture I shall wake and rise,  
To join my friends above the skies.

**731.** S. M. WATTS.

*The Rock that is higher than I.*

- 1 O, LEAD me to the rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 2 Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

**732.** P. M. WHITTIER.

*Watch and Pray.*

- 1 SHALL we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay,  
Impatient of our Father's time,  
And his appointed way ?  
Alas ! a deeper test of faith  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.
- 2 We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong :  
And in the ear of pride and power  
Our warning voice is strong.  
Easier to smite with Peter's sword,  
Than "watch one hour" in humbling  
prayer :  
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,  
Our hearts can do and dare.

- 3 O, thou who in the garden's shade  
 Didst wake thy weary ones again  
 Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
 Forgetful of thy pain ;  
 Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
 And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
 Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
 Our souls should keep with thee.

**733.**      L. M.      From "The Dove on the Cross."

*The Border-Lands.*

- 1 FATHER, into thy loving hands,  
 My feeble spirit I commit,  
 While wandering in these border-lands  
 Until thy voice shall summon it.
- 2 Father, I would not dare to choose  
 A longer life, an earlier death ;  
 I know not what my soul might lose  
 By shortened or protracted breath.
- 3 These border-lands are calm and still,  
 And solemn are their silent shades ;  
 And my heart welcomes them, until  
 The light of life's long evening fades.
- 4 I cannot see the golden gate  
 Unfolding yet to welcome me ;  
 I cannot yet anticipate  
 The joy of heaven's jubilee.
- 5 But I will calmly watch and pray  
 Until I hear my Saviour's voice,  
 Calling my happy soul away  
 To see his glory and rejoice.

**734. S. M.**

*Supplication.*

- 1 THE praying spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart,  
From all entanglements beneath  
Call off my peaceful heart :  
My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppressed ;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.
- 2 Swift to my rescue come,  
Thy own this moment seize ;  
Gather my wandering spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace :  
Suffered no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

**735. L. M. 6l. C. WESLEY.**

*Comfort and Peace in God.*

- 1 THOU hidden source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient love divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am, if thou art mine ;  
And, lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above ;  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love ;  
To me with thy dear name are given,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Father, my all in all thou art ;  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;  
 The medicine of my broken heart ;  
 In war, my peace — in loss, my gain !  
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

4 In want my plentiful supply ;  
 In weakness my almighty power ;  
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;  
 My light in Satan's darkest hour ;  
 My comfort midst all grief and pain,  
 My life in death, my endless gain.

**736.** 6 & 10s. M. VERY.

*Wilt Thou not visit me ?*

1 WILT thou not visit me ?  
 The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;  
 Each blade of grass I see,  
 From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

2 Wilt thou not visit me ?  
 Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;  
 And every hill and tree  
 Lends but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

3 Come, for I need thy love,  
 More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;  
 Come, like thy holy dove,  
 And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes, thou wilt visit me ;  
 Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,  
 As when, from sin set free,  
 Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

**737.** 11 & 4s. M. WHITTIER.*God's Mercy in our Afflictions.*

- 1 WITH silence only as their benediction,  
     God's angels come  
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
     The soul sits dumb.
- 2 Yet would we say, what every heart approv-  
     eth, —  
     Our Father's will,  
 Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,  
     Is mercy still.
- 3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel  
     Hath evil wrought;  
 The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;  
     The good die not!
- 4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
     What he has given;  
 They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly  
     As in his heaven.

**738.** S. M. TOPLADY.*Encouragement in Darkness.*

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
     Down from the willows take;  
 Loud to the praise of love divine  
     Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
     We are not far from home;  
 And nearer to our house above  
     We every moment come.

- 3 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.
- 4 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his control;  
His loving kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.
- 5 Blest is the man, O Lord,  
Who stays himself on thee;  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

## 739. C. M. 81.

*Death and Deliverance.*

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint and die;  
I soon shall quit this mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high;  
Shall join the ransomed saints above,  
And find my long-sought rest;  
That only bliss for which I pant  
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain;  
I suffer on my threescore years,  
'Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

3 O, what has Jesus bought for me?

Before my ravished eyes,  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of paradise ;  
I see a host of brethren bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there ;  
They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,

If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at thy feet ?  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away,  
But let me find my friends again  
In that eternal day.

740. C. M. WHITTIER.

*Gone Before.*

1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,

Another call is given ;  
And glows once more with angel steps  
The path which reaches heaven.

2 O, half we deemed she needed not

The changing of her sphere  
To give to heaven a shining one,  
Who walked an angel here.

3 Alone our Father's will

One thought hath reconciled, —  
That he whose love exceedeth ours;  
Hath taken home his child.



- 4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and thee.
- 5 Still let her mild rebukings stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

**741. . . . . L. M. . . . . MACKAY.**

*Asleep in Jesus.*

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the dread of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing  
That Death has lost his venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour  
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space  
Debars this precious hiding-place;  
On India's plains or Lapland's snows  
Believers find the same repose.

LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY. 742, 743.

- 6 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

742. C. M. HEMANS.

*Rest on the Bosom of God.*

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit, rest thee now !  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath !  
Soul, to its place on high !  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;  
But, O ! a brighter home than ours,  
In heaven, is now thine own.

743. L. M. BRYANT.

*Blessed are they who mourn.*

- 1 DREAM not that they are blest alone  
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;  
The God who loves our race has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall beam again  
From lids that now o'erflow with tears,  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are earnest of serener years.

- 3 O, there are days of hope and rest  
 For every dark and troubled night,  
 And grief may bide, an evening guest,  
 But joy shall come with morning light.
- 4 And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier  
 Now shed the bitter drops like rain,  
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
 Will give him to your arms again.

744. 8 & 7s. M. MOIB, altered.

*Farewell to a Child.*

- 1 FARE thee well, thou fondly cherished ;  
 Dear, dear spirit, fare thee well ;  
 He who lent thee hath recalled thee,  
 Back with Him and his to dwell.
- 2 Like a sunbeam, through our dwelling  
 Shone thy presence, bright and calm ;  
 Thou didst add a zest to pleasure ;  
 To our sorrows thou wert balm.
- 3 Yet while mourning, O, our lost one !  
 Come no visions of despair !  
 Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel  
 Saith thou art not, art not, there.
- 4 Where, then, art thou ? With the Saviour,  
 Blest, forever blest to be ;  
 'Mid the sinless little children,  
 Who have heard his " Come to me."
- 5 Passed the shades of Death's dark valley,  
 Thou art leaning on his breast,  
 Where the wicked may not enter,  
 And the weary are at rest.

- 6 Plead that, in a Father's mercy,  
 All our sins may be forgiven ;  
 Angel ! plead, that thou mayst greet us,  
 Ransomed, at the gates of heaven.

745. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

*At Home in Heaven.*

- 1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"  
 Amen ! so let it be ;  
 Life from the dead is in that word ;  
 'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam ;  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "Forever with the Lord!"  
 Father, if 'tis thy will,  
 The promise of that faithful word,  
 E'en here to me fulfil.
- 4 So, when my latest breath  
 Shall rend the veil in twain,  
 By death I shall escape from death,  
 And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing, as I am known,  
 How shall I love that word !  
 And oft repeat before the throne,  
 "Forever with the Lord!"

**746, 747. LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY.**

**746. C. M. ANONYMOUS.**

*Peaceful Death of the Righteous.*

- 1 I LOOKED upon the righteous man,  
And saw his parting breath,  
Without a struggle or a sigh,  
Serenely yield to death :  
There was no anguish on his brow,  
Nor terror in his eye :  
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,  
But lost the victory.
- 2 I looked upon the righteous man,  
And heard the holy prayer  
Which rose above that breathless form  
To soothe the mourners' care,  
And felt how precious was the gift  
He to his loved ones gave —  
The stainless memory of the just,  
The wealth beyond the grave.
- 3 I looked upon the righteous man ;  
And all our earthly trust  
Of pleasure, vanity, or pride  
Seemed lighter than the dust,  
Compared with his celestial gain —  
A home above the sky ;  
O, grant us, Lord, his life to live,  
That we like him may die !

**747. C. M. WATTS.**

*A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes !  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
“Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.
- 4 “The God of glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode;  
Men the dear objects of his grace,  
And he the loving God.
- 5 “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself, shall die.”
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

748. C. M. STENNETT.

*“When shall I see my Father’s face?”*

- 1 ON Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains.  
 Shines one eternal day ;  
 There God, the Sun, forever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,  
 Can reach that healthful shore :  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever blest ?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest ?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
 Can here no longer stay ;  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.

749.

8 &amp; 7s. M.

WATERSTON.

*Death of a Pupil.*

- 1 ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded,  
 One sweet infant voice has fled,  
 One fair brow the grave has shaded,  
 One dear schoolmate now is dead.
- 2 But we feel no thought of sadness,  
 For our friend is happy now ;  
 She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,  
 Where the blessed angels bow.
- 3 She has gone to heaven before us ;  
 But she turns and waves her hand,  
 Pointing to the glories o'er us,  
 In that happy spirit-land.

- 4 May our footsteps never falter  
 In the path that she has trod ;  
 May we worship at the altar  
 Of the great and living God.
- 5 Lord, may angels watch above us,  
 Keep us all from error free —  
 May they guard, and guide, and love us,  
 Till, like her, we go to thee.

**750.**      8, 7 & 6s. M.      MRS. HOWITT.

*Rejoicing in Heaven.*

- 1 O SPIRIT freed from bondage,  
 Rejoice! thy work is done :  
 The weary world is 'neath thy feet,  
 Thou brighter than the sun.
- 2 Arise, put on thy garments,  
 Which the redeeméd win ;  
 Now sorrow hath no part in thee,  
 Thou sanctified from sin.
- 3 Awake and breathe the living air  
 Of our celestial clime!  
 Awake to love which knows no change,  
 Thou who hast done with time!
- 4 Awake, lift up thy joyful eyes ;  
 See, all heaven's host appears ;  
 And be thou glad exceedingly,  
 Thou who hast done with tears.
- 5 Awake! ascend! Thou art not now  
 With those of mortal birth ;  
 The living God hath touched thy lips,  
 Thou who hast done with earth.



**751, 752.** LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY.

**751.** L. M. NORTON.

*Blessedness of the Pious Dead.*

- 1 O, STAY thy tears ; for they are blest,  
Whose days are past, whose toil is done :  
Here midnight care disturbs our rest ;  
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.
- 2 How blest are they whose transient years  
Pass like an evening meteor's flight !  
Nor dark with guilt, nor dim with tears ;  
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.
- 3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way ;  
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,  
Streams downward from eternal day,  
And casts a glory round the tomb.
- 4 O, stay thy tears ; the blest above  
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,  
And sing a song of joy and love ;  
Then why should anguish reign on earth ?

**752.** L. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Early Death.*

- 1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,  
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;  
So soon our transient comforts fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no lenient art  
To heal the anguish of the heart ?  
To ease the heavy load of care,  
Which nature must, but cannot, bear ?

- 3 Can reason's dictates be obeyed?  
Too weak, alas! her strongest aid;  
O, let religion then be nigh;  
Her comforts were not made to die.
- 4 Her powerful aid supports the soul,  
And nature owns her kind control;  
While she unfolds the sacred page,  
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 5 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,  
And dying hope revives again;  
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,  
And faith points upward to the sky.

**753.** L. M. J. SHIRLEY, altered.

*Earthly Things transient.*

- 1 THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate;  
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
- 2 Princes and magistrates must fall,  
And in the dust be equal made,  
The high and mighty with the small,  
Sceptre and crown with scythe and spade
- 3 The laurel withers on our brow;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds!
- 4 All heads must come to the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Preserve in death a rich perfume,  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

**754, 755. LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY.**

**754. P. M. W. B. TAPPAN.**

*The Heavenly Rest.*

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a tear for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast ;  
'T is found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear ;— 't is heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearful eye,  
The heart with anguish riven,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

**755. 12 & 11s. M. HEBER.**

*Fyneral Hymn.*

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will not  
deplere thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb ;

The Saviour has passed through its portals  
before thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide  
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer  
behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by  
thy side;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-  
fold thee,  
And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath  
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion  
forsaking,  
Perchance thy tried spirit in fear lingered  
long;  
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on  
thy waking,  
And the song which thou heardst was the  
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but 't were wrong  
to deplore thee,  
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian,  
thy Guide;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore  
thee,  
Where death has no sting, for the Saviour  
hath died.

**756, 757. LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY.**

**756. C. M. MRS. JERVIS.**

*Thou must go forth alone.*

- 1 THOU must go forth alone, my soul!  
Thou must go forth alone,  
To other scenes, to other worlds,  
That mortal hath not known.  
Thou must go forth alone, my soul,  
To tread the narrow vale;  
But He whose word is sure hath said  
His comforts shall not fail.
- 2 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,  
Along the darksome way,  
Where the bright sun has never shed  
His warm and gladsome ray;  
And yet the Sun of Righteousness  
Shall rise amid the gloom,  
And scatter from thy trembling gaze  
The shadows of the tomb.
- 3 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,  
To meet thy God above:  
But shrink not — he hath said, my soul,  
He is a God of love;  
His rod and staff shall comfort thee  
Across the dreary road,  
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones  
In heaven's serene abode.

**757. L. M. W. B. O. PEABODY.**

*The Glories of Heaven.*

- 1 WHEN all the hours of life are past,  
And death's dark shadow falls at last,  
It is not sleep — it is not rest —  
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

- 2 Their mighty Master bids them rise  
To radiant mansions in the skies,  
Where each shall wear a robe of light,  
Like his, divinely fair and bright.
- 3 Angels shall now unite their prayers  
With those of spirits blessed as theirs ;  
And light shall glance on every crown  
From suns that never more go down.
- 4 No storms shall ride the troubled air,  
No sounds of passion enter there ;  
But all be peaceful as the sigh  
Of evening gales that breathe and die.
- 5 There parted friends again shall meet  
In union holy, calm, and sweet ;  
And earthly sorrows, fear, and pain,  
Shall never reach their hearts again.
- 6 For there the God of mercy sheds  
His purest influence on their heads,  
And gilds the spirits round his throne  
With glory radiant as his own.

**758.** C. M. WATTS.

*The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
 And softened every bed;  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with the dying head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
 And showed our feet the way;  
 Up to the Lord our souls shall fly  
 At the great rising day.

759.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Christ's Presence makes Death easy.*

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die?  
 What timorous worms we mortals are!  
 Death is the gate of endless joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
 Fright our approaching souls away;  
 Still we shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
 While on his breast I lean my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

**760.** L. M. W. J. LORING.

*Consolation for the Loss of Pious Friends.*

- 1 WHY weep for those, frail child of woe,  
Who've fled and left thee mourning here?  
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,  
They glory in a brighter sphere.
- 2 Weep not for them; — beside thee now  
Perhaps they watch, with guardian care,  
And witness tears that idly flow  
O'er those who bliss of angels share.
- 3 Or round their Father's throne above,  
With raptured voice, his praise they sing,  
Or on his messages of love  
They journey with unwearied wing.
- 4 Space cannot check, thought cannot bound,  
The high-exulting souls whom he,  
Who formed these million worlds around,  
Takes to his own eternity.
- 5 Weep, weep no more; their voices raise  
The song of triumph high to God;  
And wouldst thou join their song of praise,  
Walk humbly in the path they trod.

**761.** L. M. STENNETT.

*"It is finished."*

- 1 "'T is finished!" so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head, and died:  
"'T is finished!" yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.



**763. LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY.**

- 2 "'T is finished!" all that heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old;  
And truths are opened to our view,  
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 "'T is finished!" Son of God, thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;  
And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to thee.

**762. C. M. BARBAULD.**

*Christ our Life in Death.*

- 1 WE tread the path our Master trod:  
We bear the cross he bore;  
And every thorn that wounds our feet  
His temples pierced before.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
And oft are bathed in tears;  
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,  
And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 We purge our mortal dross away,  
Refining as we run;  
And while we die to earth and sense,  
Our heaven is here begun.

**763. P. M. Para. from the German.**

*A Prayer in Trouble.*

- 1 FATHER, I call to thee!  
Guide me triumphant, or if dying, still guide me;  
The dark valley brightens if thou art beside me;  
Even as thou wilt, so guide thou me!  
God, I acknowledge thee!

3 God, I acknowledge thee!  
 As when the leaves are by autumn winds driven,  
 So when the storm-cloud of battle is riven,  
 Fountain of mercy, I call to thee!  
 Father, O bless thou me!

3 Father, O bless thou me!  
 Calmly my life to thy hands I deliver;  
 Be thou its guardian as thou wast its giver;  
 Living or dying, O bless thou me!  
 God, I repose in thee!

4 God, I repose in thee!  
 When the sharp terrors of death shall assail me,  
 When heart and flesh in the conflict shall fail me,  
 Then to thyself, my God, take thou me!  
 Father, I call to thee!

764. 11 & 10s. M. LONGFELLOW.

*Peace.*

- 1 Down the dark future, through long generations,  
 The sounds of war grow fainter, and then  
 cease;  
 And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say,  
 "Peace!"
- 2 Peace! and no longer, from its brazen portals,  
 The blast of war's great organ shakes the  
 skies;  
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
 The holy melodies of love arise.

## 765. 6s. M. LUTHER.

*The Martyred Saints.*

- 1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
Their ashes shall be watched,  
And gathered at the last;  
And from that scattered dust  
Around us and abroad  
Shall spring a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.
- 2 The Father hath received  
Their latest living breath;  
Yet vain is Satan's boast  
Of victory in their death:  
Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
And trumpet-tongued proclaim  
To many a wakening land  
The one availing name.

## 766. S. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

*Hymn for all Saints.*

- 1 FOR all thy saints, O God,  
Who strove in Christ to live,  
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O God,  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted Christ their great reward,  
And yearned for him to die.

- 3 They all, in life and death,  
 With him, their Lord, in view,  
 Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath,  
 To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,  
 And humbly pray that we  
 May follow them in holiness,  
 And live and die in thee.

**767.** C. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

*The Martyrs' Triumphs.*

- 1 THE triumphs of the martyred saints  
 The joyous lay demand ;  
 The heart delights in song to dwell  
 On that victorious band, —  
 Those whom the senseless world abhorred,  
 Who cast the world aside,  
 Deeming it worthless, for the sake  
 Of Christ, their Lord and Guide.
- 2 For him they braved the tyrant's rage,  
 The scourge's cruel smart ;  
 The wild beast's fang their bodies tore,  
 But vanquished not the heart ;  
 Like lambs, before the sword they fell,  
 Nor cry nor plaint expressed ;  
 For patience kept the conscious mind,  
 And armed the fearless breast.
- 3 What tongue can tell the crown prepared  
 The martyr's brow to grace ?  
 His shining robe, his joys unknown,  
 Before thy glorious face ?

Vouchsafe us, Lord, if such thy will,  
 Clear skies and seasons calm ;  
 If not, the martyr's cross to bear,  
 And win the martyr's palm.

## 768. S. M. DRUMMOND.

*A Public Fast.*

- 1 "Is this a fast for me?"  
 Thus saith the Lord our God ;  
 "A day for man to vex his soul,  
 And feel affliction's rod ?"
- 2 "No ; is not this alone  
 The sacred fast I choose :  
 Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,  
 The bands of guilt unloose ?"
- 3 "To nakedness and want  
 Your food and raiment deal,  
 To dwell your kindred race among,  
 And all their sufferings heal ?"
- 4 "Then, like the morning ray,  
 Shall spring your health and light ;  
 Before you, righteousness shall shine,  
 Behind, my glory bright !"

## 769. C. M. WATTS.

*"These are they that came out of great tribulation."*

- 1 THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine !  
 Whence all their white array ?  
 How came they to the happy seats  
 Of everlasting day ?

- 2 From torturing pains to endless joys  
On fiery wheels they rode ;  
And they have washed their raiment white  
In Jesus' dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach their Father, God,  
And bow before his throne ;  
Their warbling harps and sacred songs  
Adore the Holy One.
- 4 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,  
And hunger flee as fast :  
The fruit of life's immortal tree  
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 5 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock  
Where living fountains rise,  
And love divine shall wipe away  
All sorrow from their eyes.

**770.** 7s. M. FURNESS.

*Jesus our Guide and Light.*

- 1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die ?  
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?  
Who shall lead thy child to thee ?
- 2 Blesséd Father, gracious One,  
Thou hast sent thy holy Son ;  
He will give the light I need,  
He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,  
Let me ever learn of him,  
From his precepts wisdom draw,  
Make his life my solemn law,

- 4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,  
Led by Jesus, Christ the Lord,  
In my weakness, thus shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die ; —
- 5 Learn to live in peace and love,  
Like the perfect ones above ;  
Learn to die without a fear,  
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

771. S. M. FURNESS.

*A Communion Hymn.*

- 1 HERE in the broken bread,  
Here, in the cup we take,  
His body and his blood behold,  
Who suffered for our sake.
- 2 O Thou, who didst allow  
Thy Son to suffer thus,  
Father, what more couldst thou have done  
Than thou hast done for us ?
- 3 We are persuaded now  
That nothing can divide  
Thy children from thy boundless love,  
Displayed in Him who died ; —
- 4 Who died to make us sure  
Of mercy, truth, and peace,  
And from the power and pains of sin  
To bring a full release.

## 772. C. M. NOEL.

*Love and Gratitude to Christ.*

- 1 IF human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie;  
If tender thoughts within us burn  
To feel that friends are nigh;—
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To Him who died our fears to quell,  
And save from death and woe?
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee,  
What love his latest words displayed!  
“Meet, and remember me.”
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,  
Our sinful hearts to share!  
O memory, leave no other name  
But his recorded there!

## 773. C. M. FROTHINGHAM.

*“Remember me.”*

- 1 “REMEMBER me,” the Saviour said,  
On that forsaken night  
When from his side the nearest fled,  
And death was close in sight.
- 2 Through all the following ages’ track  
The world remembers yet;  
With love and worship gazes back,  
And never can forget.



- 3 But who of us has seen his face,  
Or heard the words he said ?  
And none can now his look retrace  
In breaking of the bread.
- 4 O blest are they who have not seen,  
And yet believe him still !  
They know him, when his praise they mean,  
And when they do his will.
- 5 We hear his word along our way ;  
We see his light above ;  
Remember when we strive and pray,  
Remember when we love.

## 774. C. M. S. F. SMITH.

*One in Christ.*

- 1 PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,  
This day, with one accord,  
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,  
We yield to thee, O Lord !
- 2 Joined in one body may we be ;  
One inward life partake ;  
One be our heart, one heavenly hope  
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,  
One Wisdom be our guide ;  
Taught by one Spirit from above,  
In thee may we abide.
- 4 Then, when among the saints in light  
Our joyful spirits shine,  
Shall anthems of immortal praise,  
O Lamb of God, be thine.

## 775. P. M. H. WARE, JR.

*The Progress of Freedom.*

- 1 OPPRESSION shall not always reign ;  
 There comes a brighter day,  
 When freedom, burst from every chain,  
 Shall have triumphant way.  
 Then right shall over might prevail,  
 And truth, like hero armed in mail,  
 The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,  
 And hold eternal sway.
- 2 What voice shall bid the progress stay  
 Of truth's victorious car ?  
 What arm arrest the growing day,  
 Or quench the solar star ?  
 What reckless soul, though stout and strong,  
 Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,  
 Oppression's guilty night prolong,  
 And freedom's morning bar ?
- 3 The hour of triumph comes apace,  
 The fated, promised hour,  
 When earth upon a ransomed race  
 Her bounteous gifts shall shower.  
 Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell !  
 Bid high thy sacred banner swell !  
 Let trump on trump the triumph tell  
 Of Heaven's redeeming power.

## 776. 6 &amp; 4s. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Prayer for our Country.*

- 1 God bless our native land !  
 Firm may she ever stand,  
 Through storm and night ;

When the wild tempests rave,  
 Ruler of winds and wave,  
 Do thou our country save  
 By thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise  
 To God above the skies ;  
 On him we wait ;  
 Thou who hast heard each sigh,  
 Watching each weeping eye,  
 Be thou forever nigh ; —  
 God save the state !

777. P. M. MILTON, altered.

*A Christmas Hymn.*

- 1 No war nor battle's sound  
 Was heard the world around ;  
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;  
 But peaceful was the night  
 In which the Prince of light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Before the point of dawn,  
 In social circle sat ; while all around  
 The gentle fleecy brood,  
 Or cropped the flowery food,  
 Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.
- 3 When lo ! with ravished ears,  
 Each swain delighted hears  
 Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;  
 Divinely-warbled voice,  
 Answering the stringéd noise,  
 With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.

- 4 They saw a glorious light  
 Burst on their wondering sight ;  
 Harping in solemn choir, in robes arrayed,  
 The helméd cherubim  
 And sworded seraphim  
 Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.
- 5 Sounds of so sweet a tone  
 Before were never known,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While God disposed in air  
 Each constellation fair,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.
- 6 "Hail, hail, auspicious morn !  
 The Saviour, Christ, is born."  
 (Such was the immortal seraph's song sublime ;)  
 "Glory to God in heaven !  
 To man sweet peace be given,  
 Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time !"

778. L. M. W. P. LUNT.

*Our Forefathers.*

- 1 WHEN, driven by oppression's rod,  
 Our fathers fled beyond the sea,  
 Their care was first to honor God,  
 And next to leave their children free.
- 2 Above the forest's gloomy shade  
 The altar and the school appeared ;  
 On that the gifts of faith were laid,  
 In this their precious hopes were reared.
- 3 The altar and the school still stand,  
 The sacred pillars of our trust,  
 And freedom's sons shall fill the land  
 When we are sleeping in the dust.

- 4 Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,  
 With grateful song and fervent prayer,  
 For thou who wast our fathers' friend:  
 Wilt make our offspring still thy care.

779. L. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

*Missionary Hymn.*

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim  
 Salvation in Immanuel's name:  
 To distant climes the tidings bear,  
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire,  
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
 And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
 Then shall we meet to part no more, —  
 Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,  
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

780. L. M. NEWMAN.

*Christ always near.*

- 1 O, SAY not thou art left of God,  
 Because his tokens in the sky  
 Thou canst not read; this earth Christ trod,  
 To teach thee he was ever nigh.
- 2 He sees beneath the fig tree green  
 Nathaniel con his sacred lore;  
 Shouldst thou the closet seek, unseen,  
 He enters through the unopened door.

- 3 And when thou liest by slumber bound,  
 Outwearied in the Christian fight,  
 In glory, girt with saints around,  
 He stands above thee through the night.
- 4 When friends to Emmaus bend their course,  
 He joins, although he holds their eyes;  
 Or shouldst thou feel some fever's force,  
 He takes thy hand, and bids thee rise.
- 5 Or on a voyage, when calms prevail,  
 And prison thee upon the sea,  
 He walks the wave, he wings the sail,  
 The shore is gained, and thou art free.

781. L. M. O. W. HOLMES.

*Hymn of Trust.*

- 1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share  
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
 On thee we cast each earth-born care;  
 We smile at pain while thou art near!
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
 Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
 Shall softly tell us, thou art near!
- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
 O love divine, forever dear,  
 Content to suffer, while we know,  
 Living and dying, thou art near!

## 782. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The one Thing needful.*

- 1 WHY will ye lavish out your years  
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,  
While in this various range of thought  
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
And famish an immortal mind,  
While angels with regret look down  
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?
- 3 The eternal God calls from above,  
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love ;  
Awakened conscience gives you pain ;  
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects which ye now pursue ;  
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy power impart  
To fix conviction on the heart ;  
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,  
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.









